

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 14, NO. 9.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1896.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbaugh.
Deputy Sheriff, R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court, S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbaugh.
Commissioners of Court, G. M. Keen, J. A. Barlow.
County Surveyor, George Baxter.
Coroner, George P. Moore.
County Board of Health, Dr. J. W. Price, L. M. McClintic, M. J. McNeil, J. C. Arbaugh.
Justices, A. C. L. Galloway, Split Rock, R. E. Scott Jr., Edgely, W. H. Galloway, Hainesville, Wm. L. Brown, Summers, G. E. Curry, Academy, Thomas Druffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.
County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is very term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Courts of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

J. M. MCCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Courts of Appeals.

H. S. EUCKER,
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Courts of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.,
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

H. M. LOCKRIDGE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal work.

PHYSICIANS' CARDS.
DR. J. C. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONROEVILLE, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
ELKINS, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in the Times.

J. E. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to U. A. Taylor's Hotel. Residence opposite hotel. All calls promptly answered.

M. F. GIESEY,
Architect and Superintendent,
Room 18, Kelly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

PATTERSON SIMMONS,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Plasterer & Contractor.

The Weekly Letter.

We had the good luck the other day to witness a highly sporting event in which a common house spider captured a wasp at least five times as large as himself. The spider may be a "poor benighted heathen" but he's a "first-class fighting man." The wasp is not of a very high order of insects, but it would seem that he ought to know enough to not be in any special danger from a small spider. Up to the time the wasp was tied hand and foot the betting was in his favor.

To fully understand the disadvantages the more bulky insect labored under, the reader must be informed of the resources of the spider. In the first place he is possessed of eight eyes; his head parts are covered with a strong armor; he has eight legs, each of which has seven joints, at his feet are hooks; he has two front claws which exude a powerful poison sufficient to kill a house-fly in an instant. His stomach is his weak point, but he exudes a glutinous matter therefrom which the action of the air instantly makes a thread of most wonderful strength.

The wasp is a more ornamental fighter, having an exquisite figure, and of light, graceful actions. It possesses a sting—that is the females and the neuter—and in a general way takes very good care of itself. The hornet, the strongest species of wasps, is more than a match for a spider, and generally vanquishes him whenever he falls into the traps which spiders set.

The instance which we take the liberty of relating here happened in the early morning. The wasp came roaming near the web and was nearly lassoed on the extreme end of one of his hind legs. It commenced to kick like the famous fly after we hear of, but in an instant the spider had run down the web and taken another turn around the leg. Each time the spider ran to the wasp he avoided the dangerous stinging and the electric wingers returned having fastened another thread around the legs of the wasp, attaching each thread at a different point in the rigging of his web. Having the wasp's legs pretty well bound up he let the wasp struggle awhile and then he commenced to haul on the rope. The mechanism must have been wonderful for the pulleys creaked and the wasp was hoisted about six inches right up to the web.

This was dangerous for the wasp with his unencumbered legs began tearing the threads with a noise that was quite audible. The spider secured a wing, working just out of the reach of a widely waved stinger, and the wasp turned his attention to freeing it with his little body. While doing this he was hopelessly bound about the head, fore legs, and antennae. One more haul on his pulleys and the wasp doubled up in a knot, when it lay helpless. Then the spider did the deed, striking the wasp about the head with his poisonous forefoot or mandible, and the wasp after a few feeble movements of its only disengaged leg was dead.

Unless we are very much mistaken the spider was dead tired, and we imagined the sweet could be seen standing out over his body in great drops. He had a humid look about his shoulders anyway.

It was so fine a fight in a small way so could be watched for. When the wasp was dead its sting was protruding and a drop of yellow fluid exuded it.

The inventive genius is displayed in many ways in this country. We saw a few birds with the thought that this is the home of

the inventor. How then can you explain how it is that so many inventors do not homes? In the absorbing pursuit of the idea the little incidents of life, generally included under the head of bread and meat, are sometimes forgotten, and the inventor's family suffers.

If he be smitten with the fever for inventing he can feed on his thoughts until his whole time is taken up with constant working on some invention. He goes crazy and firmly believes that he has a model of a machine or attachment that is needed in the world and that will bring him fame and fortune. Only a very small per cent of the articles patented ever pay the inventor the amount they paid out in fees to secure the patent.

In England the owners of machine shops and manufacturers stipulate that the time and brains of their employees belong to the employer and any invention they make will be for the benefit of the employer. This prevents a good many castles in the air from materializing, and the corporations are railed at for not encouraging inventors.

The plague is never so destructive as when it attacks a man of some means. Then he goes crazy and is willing to borrow money at twenty-five per cent. interest, but what he will have the ready cash to push his invention. Occasionally two fools meet,—the one who invents, say a patent churn, and the one who gives him his farm for an interest in the patent right. The inventor comes out ahead in this transaction, not a service, but because he unloaded upon a credulous neighbor.

Every week dozens of patents are issued for pencil holders, envelopes, bed fasteners, horse-shoes, wrenches, pumps, churns, the inventor of each thinking that he is the originator of the idea. The fact is that thousands have probably thought of a similar invention who had sense enough to reject it as impracticable, while the next man went to the expense of patenting it.

The Review of Reviews, London edition, August, refers to our Free Silver movement as the Party of Progress, which is a good deal kinder term than "Anarchist," "Socialist," "Repudiators," which so many English periodicals use. There has never time when the English papers have paid so much attention to American politics. They, as a rule, are opposed to the Chicago platform, but that does not argue that it is not the best thing for us. The American people have a mistrust of John Ball that is deep and abiding, and they are more apt to go contrary to his wishes than to comply with them. Mr. Labouffere does not deign to argue the question. He dispenses of it by calling it "Free silver nonsense," in a high-handed manner that is distinctly British. If Free Silver prevails it will be by the votes of American people. Foreigners are opposed to us and our prosperity is the conclusion we draw.

A Pathetic Case.

The Woodstock correspondent of the New Market Valley says:

On the 8th of last June our County Clerk issued a marriage license for parties living near Belgrade, this county, which was to have taken place on the following day, but it seems as if the original knot was never tied. A few days the license was returned to the office, with the following letter on the back, which explains better why than any we could.

Belgrade Va Dear Sir I send you this letter to let you know we are not the foolish couple that you thought we were. We are now free.

New York and Vicinity.

For the past few days New York and adjacent cities have been visited with a small warm wave, but the Weather Bureau has promised us some cool breezes in the near future.

A man by the name of John Stevens has abandoned a 320-acre farm in Dakota, for the reason that long-continued drought ruined his crops season after season. He has just arrived at his old home, Ansonia, Conn., after a three-months' jaunt of 2,000 miles on the road in his canvas covered wagon known as a "prairie schooner." In the prairie schooner he put a bed, the old roosting chair, the good old sewing machine, a trunk containing clothing, etc.; and a few cooking utensils. He left behind him farming implements representing years of toil and a cost of some \$2,500 to the first passer by who cared to try his luck. Accompanying him were his three small boys, Mr. Stevens' wife having died while on the farm. They shot and trapped small game and were assisted by the farmers along their way. The meanest farmer they met was in Pennsylvania, who would not even give them a drink of water. The "schooner" was marked on both sides:

In God We Trusted;
In Dakota We Busted.

The old horses were not much but when they reached Connecticut, and the old wagon was terribly broken. This man took Horace Greeley's advice: "Go West, young man, go West." Mr. Stevens did go West with a little money and plenty of ambition and settled on a government claim, did well for a time, but the lack of rain killed crops year after year, his wife sickened and died, and the poor fellow was thankful to reach his old home, after years' absence, in a worse state than when he started, and he got down on his knees and thanked God and his boy horses for his safe deliverance from that country—Dakota.

Where some succeed, hundreds fail, not only in this country but all over the earth.

Here is a strange oath a man made in the heat of anger, fifteen years ago: Silas Huffman, of Far Hills, N. J., when 35 years of age, swore that he would keep to his bat until he died. He was buried last week at the age of 50. In his youth he led a dissipated life, mortgaged his home, and sowed enough wild oats for a dozen. The family tried every device to get him out of bed. An old friend of his told him about the fun he would have if he came along with him to New York, but Silas replied: "I've had all the fun I want." Cloth was burned on the floor below him and the family yelled: "Fire! Fire!" "Let her burn!" answered Silas, and he sat there. Nothing could make him move. His hair grew so until it covered the narrow bed upon which he spent his many years. What will power! If Silas had only applied his "grits" to some good business, what a grand success would have been his. The whole trouble arose over the foreclosure of the mortgage which his brother held. Silas said to his brother: "If you sell me out and put me out of the old home, I'll stay in bed until I die." And so he did. All the fools are not dead yet.

Senator Henry B. Payne, of Ohio, is no more. It is thought he has left us well. He is supposed to have left \$100,000.

A woman killed out of bed in New York City the other night and broke her neck. The distance was only two feet.

There was a monster bicycle torchlight parade on the Boulevard last Saturday evening. The sight was a brilliant one, the devices employed were many, and the pageant is one long to be remembered. Bicycling is a great fad hereabouts—both old and young are enthusiastic in their praise of the machine; and as we have beautiful bicycling paths set apart in Brooklyn and New York for their use exclusively and the roads in the suburbs are in excellent condition it is no uncommon sight to see a whole family start off for the day, with their lunch strapped, for some cool retreat in the country.

Friday, 10.30 a. m., just before the Pennsylvania ferryboat "New Jersey" left her pier at Jersey City for New York, a passenger noticed a tiny blaze in the cabin doorway, and, instead of trying to put it out, ran through the boat yelling "Fire! Fire!" The several hundred people aboard became panic-stricken and there was a lively time, pushing, shoving, and what not. The deck-hands with assistance got the blaze (which had grown to considerable dimensions in a short while) under control, quieted the passengers, and everything was O. K. Now why did not that fool of a man try to extinguish that flame or quietly tell a deckman. Last summer one of these boats got on fire in mid-river. The way was this wise: "A spark from a cigarette blew on to a wagon loaded with paper." With a great deal of difficulty they got the truck overboard and then made for the ferry-ship, called out the engines and put out the fire, and doing damage to hundreds of dollars' worth. Imagine the frame of mind the passengers were in! The boat was filled. But with a cool-headed pilot lives were saved. The excitement was intense.

GEORGE M. SANGSTER.

BROOKLYN, September 15.

YELK.

Fine weather. Potato digging, corn cutting, and hay harvesting the order of the day. J. S. Gibson and J. H. Rose will finish making hay in the near future if their feet don't slip off the "shene" go wrong. Fine potato crops. William Gibson and William Varner have dug nearly 500 bushels. Who says Billy won't have potatoes to roast!

J. N. Hight, S. M. Gibson, S. C. and A. W. Hannah are off to Beverly with loads of lumber and will return with loads of goods for L. D. Sharp and G. L. Hannah, who will sell goods cheap for silver, gold, greenbacks, or graining and berries. Call on them and see the bargains you can get for cash. Rev. George preached a very interesting sermon at Mary's Chapel last Sunday. He will leave for the Louisville Seminary in a few days. Mrs. M. E. Hall has returned from Randolph County, where she has been visiting her sister who was sick, but is much better now. Theory is hard time, the we times all O. K. as a man cannot have peace day or night who has a little calf, whether he wants to sell or not. They are on a boom from \$10.00 to \$12.50 per head. One man bought two of the finest stock. If reports are true he could have brought them home in his pocket. He buys no more calves without first seeing them.

On account of a heavy crop of meat hogs are in demand. One young man in search of hogs returned with one about about twenty years old. Success to W. S. Selling stock on Sunday should not be allowed, but we want to see the man who was out last Sunday.

Examination for Teachers.

Teachers' examination will be held at Marlinton, West Virginia, Friday and Saturday, September 25 and 26, 1896.

D. L. BARNES,
County Superintendent.
Subscribe for The Times at a price in advance.

Vanderbilt's \$100,000 Check.

That the present campaign is a fight between the people on one hand and the money power on the other is again strikingly evinced by the fact that Cornelius Vanderbilt has recently subscribed to the Republican campaign fund the enormous sum of \$100,000.

To a man of ordinary affairs these figures are almost staggering. It shows distinctly, however, that Haines is relying exclusively upon the power of hoodle to help him out in the management of his campaign against the people.

Cornelius Vanderbilt is a man of stately character and has many excellent traits, but he is not enough of a patriot to go down into his pockets and draw out 100,000 merely for the sake of patriotism. His shrewd ideas of business were no doubt at the root of this seeming benevolence, as in the case of other New York millionaires who have subscribed to the campaign fund.

But while Vanderbilt's check shows unmistakably that the fight now on is one between the money power and the people, also shows the degree of alarm which has at last taken possession of the republican mind. Such handsome contributions show that the Democrats have made some headway at least in the campaign—Constitution.

It does seem as if the commercial tendencies of the times would choose the weak things of creation to surpass the mighty. For illustration it is said by those versed in the statistics that the little scratching hen adds to the wealth of the country every year in eggs as much as the output of both iron and wool—125,000,000. Calico print works, photographic establishments, and wing classifiers require millions of dozens respectively. The demand from these sources

is great. Book-binders, kid-glove manufacturers, and fine leather finishers make use of eggs in their work. But wonder of wonders, dried eggs are coming upon the market. Fresh eggs are broken and churned by machinery, the mixture evaporated to dryness, and in this form eggs may keep for years to all appearances. When cooked with hot water in various ways dried eggs are said to taste precisely as fresh eggs. Egg evaporation promises to become an important industry, and not require an extensive plant.

In a speech delivered in congress June 14 1890 McKinley said:

"I am for the largest use of silver in the currency of the country. I would not dishonor it. I would give credit and honor with gold. I would utilize both metals as money and discredit neither. I want the double standard." He says in his letter of acceptance that "until international agreement is had it is the plain duty of the United States to maintain the gold standard." Will it be to be able to agree with himself.

Are You Tired

All the time! This condition is a sure indication that your blood is not rich and nourishing as it ought to be. As it may be if you will take a few bottles of the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands write that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured them of that tired feeling by giving them rich, red blood.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels, cleansing the blood.

Special bids will be received until noon, September 25, 1896, at the County Clerk's office, in the town of Marlinton, by the undersigned, trustees for furnishing fuel for the fall school in said town of Marlinton for burning during term of said school. Fuel to be cut and delivered at the school house in said town in proper lengths ready for the stove, and a part of which is to be dry.

The seal rights reserved.
At test, I, J. H. Patterson,
County Clerk.

They are represented in this country at along the U. S. G. B. B. by
 Dr. W. H. Marshall, who will be pleased to show you his samples.

